

They took away my cloak, they who guard the ramparts

I could hate him
for he did not
touch my thumbs.
Each finger
like the other: a swollen
knotted club.

I sit before my piano; only
another piece of furniture. I
no longer know
the keys. My fingers owned
the intervals.

Abandoned in that void,
I flew.

My hands
made the music; but

I still have my piano.

Placed his thumb on the
upper knuckle and
snapped the tip.
Every finger.

I didn't scream,
or even speak. I bit
through my lip,
but made no sound.
He stole my music; I took
silence as my voice.

*Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth.
Your love is more delightful than wine;
delicate is the fragrance of your perfume,
your name is and oil poured out,
and that is why maidens love you.
Draw me in your footsteps, let us run.
The King has brought me to his rooms;
you will be our joy and our gladness.
We shall praise your love above wine;
how right it is to love you.*

*My Beloved lifts up his voice,
he says to me,
"Come then, my love,
my lovely one, come.
For see, winter is past,
the rains are over and gone.
The flowers appear on the earth.
The season of glad songs has come,
the cooing of the turtledove is heard
in our land.
The fig tree is forming its first figs
and the blossoming vines give out their
fragrance.
Come then, my love,
my lovely one, come.
My dove, hiding in the clefts of the rock,
in the coverts of the cliff,
show me your face,
let me hear your voice;
for your voice is sweet
and your face is beautiful."*

In my mind I shrieked like
shattered windows
on Kyrstalnacht.
All see through broken
windows, but glass focuses
the light.

These broken sticks
remind me that
his worlds are mine.
Never without him; always
I carry my fingers, but
he owns them.

He is my god;
He reshaped me.

He did not understand the
freedom of my songs;
he captured them.

My fingers remember flight.
But they remember
in silence.

*On my bed, at night, I sought him
whom my heart loves.
I sought but did not find him.
So I will rise and go through the City;
in the streets and the squares
I will seek him whom my heart loves.
...I sought but did not find him.*

My Beloved is mine and I am his.

*Let my Beloved come into his garden,
let him taste its rarest fruits.*

*I charge you,
daughters of Jerusalem,
if you should find my Beloved,
what must you tell him?*

That I am sick with love.